

Folder 1

1895-1899

THE NORMAL HERALD.

The Strength of a School is in Her Alumni.

COMMENCEMENT SUPPLEMENT.

Program Commencement Week.

Sunday, June 30, 8 P. M.:
BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

Monday, July 1, 8 P. M.:
ENTERTAINMENT BY MODEL SCHOOL.

Tuesday, July 2, 8 P. M.:
COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

Wednesday, July 3, 2 P. M.:
SENIOR CLASS DAY.

8 P. M.:
ALUMNI CLASS REUNIONS.

Thursday, July 4, 10 A. M.:
COMMENCEMENT ORATION.

8 P. M.:
ALUMNI RECEPTION.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

The exercises of Commencement week were ushered in with the preaching of the Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Dr. Moffatt, President of Washington and Jefferson College, on Sunday evening, June 30, in Normal Chapel. The chapel was filled to its utmost capacity when, at 8 o'clock, the Senior class, headed by the class officers, filed in and took the seats reserved for them on the left of the aisle. On one side of the platform sat a large choir chosen from the Junior class, and on the other side the Revs. Graham, Brownlee, Emmons, Wilson, Dr. Waller, Dr. Hall and Dr. Moffatt occupied chairs.

The meeting opened with a solo by Prof. Apple, "There is a Green Hill Far Away." After a prayer by Dr. Waller the congregation sang the "One Hundredth Psalm," and Mr.

Brownlee read the fourth chapter of Philippians. The congregation again sang "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken." Dr. Moffatt was next introduced and took for his text Philippians 4:4. "Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, rejoice." His sermon was an earnest exhortation to the graduating class to go out into the world and rejoice in the Lord.



MISS JANE E. LEONARD, Preceptress.

"Youth," he said, "is a time for rejoicing. Young people are always disposed to be happy. Some of the members of this class now rejoice that they have finished their studies, other, that they are going out into the world to begin their life work. All have some reason for rejoicing. The Bible commands us to be happy and rejoice. Happiness is a normal condition. Unhappiness denotes an abnormal condition. It is just as natural for the lit-

tle child to laugh as to cry, and when it does cry it is protesting against something abnormal. And so it is throughout all the animal kingdom.

"Unhappiness may arise from an abnormal condition of the body. But one who is accustomed to have his mind superior to his body will not allow bodily discomforts to make him unhappy. There is no good reason

why a dyspeptic should be unhappy. One should not yield when the body exerts a tendency towards misery.

"Unhappiness may rise from an abnormal condition of the soul. When one commits sin he cannot be truly happy. The remedy for this kind of unhappiness is to seek forgiveness of sin.

"Unhappiness may also arise from adverse circumstances. To a true Christian there is no such thing as adverse circumstances. He can arise above such petty bodily surroundings. The old Scotch saying that 'Nothing ever happens to a Presbyterian,' may be made more comprehensive. It should be 'Nothing ever happens to a Christian.' For one to be unhappy on account of adverse circumstances is simply an acknowledgement of want of faith in God.

"Again, unhappiness may be due to an abnormal relationship to God. Unless we sustain toward God the proper relationship we can never be happy. We cannot be in a state of rebellion against, or even estrangement from, God and rejoice. History is full of proofs of this truth. Goethe on the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth, when he was crowned with honors and almost overwhelmed with

success, complained that in his seventy-five years he had not known four weeks of happiness. His portion was labor and disappointment, and all because he was not in the true relationship to God.

"It is our duty to be happy not only for ourselves, but for the sake of others. It is our duty to make others happy, and we cannot do this unless we are happy ourselves. We owe it to our employers to be happy, for political economists have demonstrated that a happy man does more and better work than one who is unhappy. Would that we could be like her on whose tombstone it is written, 'It was easy to be good when she was with us.' It is your duty, young friends, to rejoice, and may you go out into the world to make others happy."

After prayer by Dr. Moffatt and the singing of "Rejoice and be Glad," the audience was dismissed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Wilson.

Model School Entertainment.

Those of the Alumni interested in getting up entertainments for children will perhaps be glad of a somewhat detailed account of one given by the Model School, in our chapel on Monday evening, July 1.

The chapel was filled to overflowing and universal expressions of pleasure give every reason for regarding the affair as a success.

At eight o'clock the orchestra struck up a march and the children filed up the center aisle to the stage where, when not performing, they sat on low benches arranged on either side just behind the curtain.

A choral by children of the 5th and 6th grades was followed by a little farce of one act, the actors being selected from the four higher grades. "A ticket to the Circus" is one of a number of similar farces recently published in *Harper's Young Folks* for just such occasions, neither unusual dramatic skill nor difficult stage setting being required. The actors did themselves great credit and entertained the audience for twenty minutes, when the farce closed with a pretty tableau

and the usual happy solution of difficulties. A chorus by the older girls and a selection from the orchestra closed Part I.

Part II was given by the children of the four lower grades, over sixty in number. It was an operetta "The Rainbow Prince." The operetta is published by A. Harragan, of Chicago, who furnishes a number of the same style.

A story told by a grandmother to her children of "Long, Long Ago," serves as the material from which after the "Sleepy Song" they build their dreams. Here a wonderful prince appears upon a woodland scene, and fairies and brownies weave for him a bow of rainbow colors.

The weaving scene, not unlike a May pole dance was particularly pretty. For this, fairies and brownies weave together strands of rainbow colors, suspended from the ceiling. Colored lights thrown from above, made ever more beautiful the beauty of tiny figures robed in white gauze, who with the quaint little brownies so familiar to us all, tripped in and out, back and forth, round and about the stage.

Very beautiful tableaux given at various stages added much to the pleasure of the audience. Perhaps the most beautiful of those followed the "Sleepy Song." Here the tots after marching about the stage in night dresses and caps, pillows in arms, are discovered lying on the floor asleep, each on his tiny pillow.

Altogether the operetta both as to selection and performance could scarcely be improved upon, and those interested in the entertainment are to be congratulated upon its success.

Commencement Concert.

The annual Commencement concert was held in Normal chapel on the evening of July 2nd, and was greeted by a fair audience.

The program, which proved to be very delightful was as follows:

PART I.

1. Rondo Ture.....Karl Merz
Miss PURRELL McCracken.
2. TRIO—Night Sinks on the Wave.....Smart
Miss MERTILLA MATSON, Miss ESTHER DRENNING,
Miss MABEL BOOKS.

3. a. Sechs Kinderstucke.....Mendelssohn
b. Spinning Song.....Anton Schmoll
Miss MARGARET OWENS
4. SONG—For All Eternity.....Mascheroni
Miss EMMA FOLTZ.
5. Bridal March.....Rubenstein
Misses RUTH CASE and MARTHA MCCREIGHT.

PART II.

1. TWO-PART SONG—Sing, Smile, Slumber.....Gounod
Misses LULU BLARELY, EMMA FOLTZ, CARRIE GESSLER, KIT HANSHAW, MARY KNOX, MARTILLA WATSON, MABEL BOOKS, MAY BURT, ESTHER DRENNING and SARA OWENS.
2. La Danse des Sylphides.....Kullok
Miss MARTHA MCCREIGHT.
3. SONG—(Selected)
MR. J. LISLE APPLE.
4. a. Polonaise, op 2, No. 3.....Chopin
b. Melodies Russes.....Liszt
Miss ESTHER DRENNING.
5. DUET.....A Night in Venice
Miss FOLTZ and MR. APPLE.

Miss Purrell McCracken rendered the opening instrumental solo in a very pleasing manner. She was followed by a trio given by Misses Matson, Drenning and Books, which needs no praise in addition to the hearty encore by the appreciative audience.

Miss Margaret Owens delighted her hearers by the charming way in which she executed her piano solo, showing that she possessed marked talent for one of her years.

"For All Eternity" was the title of a strong vocal solo by Miss Emma Foltz. Miss Foltz has a voice that possesses rare qualities and attracts the attention of all who hear her. The first part was brought to a close by the skillful rendition of Rubenstein's Bridal March by Misses Case and McCreight, both of whom were known to the audience.

A two-part song by ten young ladies was the opening of the second part of the program. The time was excellent and the performance was a success.

Miss McCreight again rendered a difficult composition in a charming manner that showed her familiarity with every part of it. The next number was applauded even before Professor Apple had time to take his position on the rostrum. Former acquaintance with Mr. Apple's ability in this direction has secured him a lasting welcome, and the expectant audience were not disappointed, nor would they permit two selections to suffice.

The climax of the evening was

brought to bear in the finale—a vocal duet by Miss Foltz and Professor Apple. The merits were such as were worthy of such talented vocalists and brought forth unlimited applause from the audience.

After the performers had responded to an encore, the concert of 1895 was brought to a close.

Senior Class Day.

The chapel, when it was thrown open to admit the immense crowd which thronged to hear the exercises of the Senior class on Wednesday afternoon, was "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The Juniors had been hard at work decorating it all the forenoon, and their energy was not spent in vain. By means of ferns, and masses and testoons of evergreen, class colors, etc., they had wrought a wonderful change in the appearance of the room. The class motto, in violet, occupied a conspicuous position on the wall beyond the stage, and the front of the gallery was almost covered with violet and white.

At two o'clock Miss Kennedy struck up "Princess Bonnie" march, and the seniors, headed by the officers of the class, filed slowly up the aisle and took their places on the stage. They presented a very pretty sight indeed, both in their marching and after they were seated. When the march ceased, Mr. St.Clair stepped forward and in a clear voice and easy manner delivered the

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Whether or not an event itself is of great importance figures little in the estimation we put upon it, if it has the important place, the last. Put yourself in the place of one leaving home for a long journey, perhaps never to return. Every moment of the last day is spent in thinking of the many pleasant experiences you have had at the old place. Perhaps there is some favorite walk; you immediately go there to take the last stroll. The poets have not left the subject untouched. Browning's "Last Ride Together" is a simple picture rendered so by the simple fact that it is the last ride. The class of '95 is this week gathered together for the last time. Our last school day is

over; we have had our last recitation.

Feelings not indicated by our dress and general appearance are no doubt experienced to-day. Yea, if expressed by dress, deep mourning only would answer. It is impossible for our minds to dwell for any length of time on the pleasant side of the present event without also the consciousness that it is the "Last." It is a melancholy thought to each of us that after exercises of this week are over, we seventy-one people will never all be together again.

It is said friendships made in the army are lasting because so many dangers are gone through together, and the bonds are sealed by association and mutual interest. It is also claimed that school friendships are the most lasting. School days are the most critical of our lives and the soldier has no more at stake than the student. Then this is the period when we are most susceptible. Young people, coming from home for the first long separation, are greatly in need of some one into whose ears they can pour an account of their troubles, and obtain sympathy. Friendships made under such conditions and carried on through the many trials of school life, surely have the requisites to make them lasting. But this is almost our last meeting. Soon our school experiences will be counted among the pleasant memories of the past. A few years hence will see us in many different occupations and circumstances. Some of us may have settled down to our life work, while others may be only beginning their real school life.

But the thought of the last does not necessarily bring sadness. On the contrary, graduation is usually looked forward to as a joyous time. And indeed there is reason to think of it as such. Shouldn't we be happy when we think that our last study is passed, and we have no more examinations to dread? Now we can class ourselves with the people that help to keep the world moving and are qualified to go around and advise every school boy or girl whom we meet to keep right at work for that's the road to wisdom. Then above all, shouldn't we feel proud that we have been by this, our most honored and able faculty, proclaimed fit to leave these walls as those who have satisfactorily filled all the requirements of the course and are now to go abroad and sustain the high standard of the institution?

Often will our minds revert with a tender interest to '95, the class meetings, the gathering in chapel, the recitations, and the societies. In this con-

nection we will think of what we did in those short days of our Senior year, and then we will conform ourselves to the spirit of our class motto, "To strive, to seek, to find but not to yield." So, to you, Trustees, to whom we owe so much, to you members of the faculty, by whom our praise is not needed, to you students who may soon be in our position and to you, visiting friends who show by your presence your appreciation of the school and your pride in it, I extend in the name of the class of '95, a hearty welcome to the exercises of the day and week.

THE RECITATION.

Following the president's address, Miss Tweet Garman recited "Old Ace." The selection was a charming little love story, in which the hand of the heroine was to be bestowed on the one of two rivals whose horse should win in a race. The race proved to be a very exciting one in which "Old Ace," drawing both his driver and the heroine, finally came out victorious, and won the fair prize for his master. Miss Garman's rendition of the piece was very graceful and proved her to be a reciter of considerable promise. The

CLASS HISTORY

Was given by Mr. James T. Scott. It was a collection and arrangement of such facts and incidents as led to a complete and connected review of the two years' life in Normal. After giving a review of the brilliant record of the class in the Junior year, Mr. Scott said: As Seniors we now begin work in earnest, realizing that the time has come when we must work for ourselves or lose our opportunities. That we have improved, we have every reason to believe.

The class of '95 was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of reading and studying some of Browning's and Tennyson's poetry. These poems treat of love from a scientific stand point, and were at first too deep for most of the class, but by the aid of an experienced lady, Miss Leonard, who is amply qualified to take love apart and put it together again, especially to take it apart, the class began to understand what a love poem really means. So much interested in this

subject were we that there might have been observed groups of Seniors standing in the halls discussing points to be taken up in the next lesson. In fact, groups of two could have been seen slipping off into odd corners to discuss the question as to whether Lancelot really did love Elaine. Why, before reading this course not one of the class seemed to know what love is; but from the looks of things at present, some of them surely know now.

"The class from the beginning worked harmoniously, thus making the two years a time we shall love to remember.

"The combined age of the class is one thousand five hundred forty years. This may seem rather small, but ladies at school never get to be over eighteen. The whole length of shoes were they placed lengthwise, would equal three fourths of a mile. The number of ladies who do not know how to wash dishes or bake, is five. The remaining fifty nine, we believe, will make good wives. The whole number of words the class can speak in a minute, all taken together, leav- out Miss Laura Johnson, is two thousand five hundred forty. The whole number of yards of goods in the ladies late style sleeves is nine thousand.

"The whole number now engaged to be bound in the holy bonds of matrimony is six; all the rest would like to be. The aggregate ability of the class cannot be estimated."

The historian spoke briefly of the President, Mr. Thomas St. Clair, as a second George Washington, and a friend of the Garman family. Mr. Barnhart and Mr. Gourley with their "complements" received attention, but through fear of trespassing on the ground of other speakers, Mr. Scott said: "But the class of '95 has performed its work. Its task is here completed. Did we study? O, yes! That's what we were here for. We wanted to catch the full force of the mighty influence for good in our Normal generation. We want to live so that our factor in this composite force will be irresistible toward the

best, the noblest in manhood and womanhood."

Miss Rue Cetta Thompson next gave a piano solo "Tarantelle," which was well received. Miss Thompson is not only a good musician but an earnest and successful student.

THE CLASS POEM—A DREAM

By Miss Edna May McCallister, has many merits, we give it in full.

Long fifty years had passed away since Normal I had left,
Those years of all their youthful joys had long, long been bereft,
Weary and tired of earthly cares I sank down into sleep,
When lo! before my wondering sight a vision bright did creep.
The threads of gray, which in my hair, had been for many a year,
And told that youth was now far spent and I old age drawing near,
Where changed to brown, a golden brown; my heart with rapture thrilled,
For age had fled and with new life my being all was filled.
Transformed I stood. I knew not how the wonderous change was wrought;
I only knew youth had returned, and joy in it I sought.
I thought I lived a life of bliss, a life without a care.
And as I wondered at the change that had come o'er me there,
A gentle touch then startled me, a tender voice I heard,
A voice as sweet as sweetest note, or song of any bird.
"Come, follow me, and I will lead to scenes you love so well—
To where your heart is firmly fixed and ever shall be still."
Then on we wandered, on and on, through lands so fair and bright,

Till on the mountains high we stood, rejoicing at the sight
Before us in the distance was the Normal old and strong.
Unchanged it seemed in beauty as the ages pass along.
And as I gazed upon that spot so dear to Normal days,
I felt myself there quickly drawn by such mysterious ways.
I stood again in Normal halls, my classmates too were there,
With clouds and furrows on their brows, their faces lined with care,
For two whole years in studies hard, they'd toiled on day by day,
For well they knew that in such work, their only fortune lay.
I once again was in their midst, our joys and sorrows one,
"To strive to seek, to find and not to yield," until the victory's won.
In Junior year we each and all had tried to do our best.
And thought that in the Senior year there'd surely come some rest,
But for the Seniors no such times at Normal were in store;
But there was work, and endless, more than we'd had before.
To Model school we daily turned our tired, weary way,
For there we Seniors lived and taught an hour every day.
We drew and moulded maps, and learned enormous charts to make,
And numerous visitors there caused our hearts with fear to quake.
And circles there we learned to cut, and splints to tie in tens,
And there in Methods heaved a sigh when told to bring our pens;
Full well we knew, experience taught, that always ment review:
And whether to cram or whether to fail, we knew not which to do.
In Botany we took delight, long names made us rejoice,
They gave such training to the ear and still more to



MAIN BUILDING.



DORMITORY.

MODEL SCHOOL.

the voice.
In Caesar class we struggled long to learn the verb
"amo."
For in the mastery we behold our future bliss or
woe
The Latin Grammar was dearly loved, we knew it
word for word,
Until we went to class and then—our voice was
never heard.
We wished that Caesar ne'er had lived, had ne'er
engaged in war,
Translation, it was bad enough, but syntax worse by
far.
In Geometry the originals, together with lines and
angles
Twisted themselves into curious shapes and into
such intricate tangles—
They haunted our days, they haunted our nights, we
had neither peace nor rest;
We thought the man who could straighten them out,
was a man of all men blest.
To Literature we turned our thoughts, on Browning
let them dwell,
His writings we perused with care until we knew
them well.
Obscurity on every page in every line we found,
But we overcame the obstacle long ere the term
went round.
Next Tennyson then claimed our thoughts with
"Idyls of the King,"
When Shakespeare with his comedies completes the
Classic ring
Then came a day of all days sad, when we must
leave our friends,
Where we must break the bond that binds, the bond
that ever tends,
To keep our hearts in unity, to keep us one together,
Through trials hard and pleasures bright, one class
and one forever
But Normal life, its joys and sorrows, its pleasures
and its care
Had passed away, life's burden came before we
were aware.
The vision faded from my sight, I found it but a
dream,
The past was gone, though through its years the
lights of memory gleam.
I awakened from my pleasant sleep happy to be
alive,

That though my school days long were past, I
belonged to Ninety-five.

Next came the exhibition of the CLASS ARTIST.

Mr. Russell, the artist, brought his
portfolio to the front and began:

"Life is full of pictures both on
paper and off it. As Class Artist of
'95 it has been my duty to transfer to
paper for your benefit, scenes from the
school life of members of the class.
After a pleasant journey through for-
ests of brushes, across plains of yellow
manilla paper, and over the Red, Blue
and Black Seas (of ink) I have
brought for Class Day, a panorama of
Normal life in '95."

Mr. Russell is a clever artist, and
in an interesting good-natured way
portrayed the virtues and the follies of
many members of the class. His
panorama closed with a composite
of the class. 'Carrying out the prin-
ciple of harmony, which has always
inspired the class, the seventy-one, so
different in dress, features, and ex-
pression have been united into a
harmonious picture. Features rep-
resentative of all the class are the
general expression of dignity, the
beautiful broad smile and the intel-
lectual forehead.

"The four-in-hand and picadilly of

the boys rest quietly between the big
sleeves of the girls, and coat buttons
and ruffles together cover seventy-
two hearts that beat as one.

"In reality as well as in art we ap-
pear for the last time a united class.
As the final result of our composite
would not be seen until all was finish-
ed, so the destined influence of '95
upon human affairs cannot be fore-
told.

"But what ever may come, I trust
you will join me wishing long life and
prosperity to all of the class. May
the pictures in all their panoramas of
life be bright with the sunshine of
happiness and well-earned success."

THE ORATOR,

Mr. F. P. Barnhart, took for his
subject, Wendell Phillips. He paid a
glowing tribute to the memory of the
great agitator, philanthropist, and
apostle of temperance. In the dark-
est period of American history, when
the pulpit, the press, and other or-
ganizations were silent, when the poli-
tician, statesman, and merchant, were
worshipping at the Shrine of Mammon,
Phillips came forward and rebaptized
Faneuil Hall in the interest of the
freedom of the slaves. Nor did he
co fine himself to America alone.
Wherever humanity was oppressed,
there his voice was raised in defense
of the cause of freedom. Though
he held no political office nor any
position of public trust, yet with the
sword of justice and the dagger of
reason he fought battles for truth.
Ever the friend of the poor and needy,
always the defender of the helpless
and oppressed, he was an ideal citizen,
the embodiment of all that was best
and noblest in the Puritan character,
the most glorious personage in modern
history.

Miss Blanche Young came in with a
violin solo—"Gipsy Dance." Miss
Bertha O'Connor as

CLASS DONOR

Came forward and in a neat, witty
speech presented appropriate gifts to
members of the class. By most of
those present Miss O'Connor's per-
formance was considered the best of
the day. Her originality kept the

audience in a continual roar from first to last and she was frequently interrupted by prolonged applause. The last and most important gift was a quit claim deed given to the Junior class. The document was drawn up in legal form and the party of the first part released to the party of the second part the following: Our front seats in Chapel; teaching in Model school; the privileges we didn't get; everything we didn't learn; the study hall; our excuses from church on Sunday; all the four leaf clovers in the campus; our botany presses; our Senior dignity; our best wishes for a successful year and the platform for Commencement, '96, to have and to hold, etc.

In witness whereof the said parties of the first part have hereto set their hands and seals the day and year first above mentioned.

Sealed and delivered in presence of Jane E. Leonard, J. THOS. ST. CLAIR, Pres. FLORA WEAVER, Sec.

THE CLASS PROPHECY

Was delivered by Miss Jessie Russell. By means of a fortune wheel invented by one of the class, the future of its members was unveiled. Like most class prophecies it abounded in startling revelations, ranging from the depths of depression to the summit of good fortune. Indeed, there is little that might be desired, little that might not be dreaded, but awaits the class of '95 if their oracle be faithful.

THE GROWLER.

M. Elizabeth Trout, divided the honors of the occasion with the Donor, and growled in the most charming manner. A few of her loudest growls are here given:

My Normal friends and others, this may seem a joyous occasion, but it isn't. My classmates as in duty bound have given you views of our class and of life at this school as seen through rose-colored glasses; but I shall tell you the plain, unvarnished truth. I will unfold to you a tale that will harrow upon your feelings and compel you to gaze in awe and admiration upon those seventy-one fellow mortals who have endured so much and yet face you so smilingly today.

Long ago when we first decided to

come to this Normal school, we read the catalogue and in our innocence and inexperience believed every word. Judging from its contents we expected to sit on the class room benches and drink-in knowledge as it poured from the lips of the learned Professors. But alas! our first written review convinced us that we would have to grind even harder than we had done in the public school.

The catalogue also spoke of the excellent social advantages of the school. Now, why boast of that? We have had only three open society meetings, four "King's Daughters" and four Senior entertainments, two receptions and social five evenings every week.

The boast of the catalogue that "the health record of the school has always been remarkably good" looks well enough on the surface, but inquire further and you will find that our health is so "dangerously good," as Holmes says, that the teachers think there is no limit to our endurance.

The trustees would have put money in their pockets if they had omitted the "salubrious climate" from the catalogue just issued. Last February, we dined in overcoats and shawls and great discomfort. In May we didn't dine at all. How could we with the mercury 103½ in the shade.

Let me say to the trustees that if this school were properly advertised, drummers coming in on the train would not ask whether the large building on the left was a poor house or an insane asylum. I would have all the prominent rocks and barns along the railroad between Pittsburg and Philadelphia ornamented with advertisements such as these: "When you learn it at Indiana, it is so!" "See that prosperous looking man? He's an Indiana Normal graduate." "Have you that tired feeling? Then go to Indiana and see a match game of base ball at Normal Park." But of course the trustees won't take my advice.

Since the rules and regulations are injurious to the morals of the students they should be abolished. Some of the rules are hard to observe; for example, Rule three hundred twenty, volume two: Students will not throw

water or dangerous articles from the windows of this institution. Only the girls whose midnight slumbers have been rudely broken by would-be-serenaders can fully appreciate the cruelty of this restriction.

Then, Miss Leonard made a rule that we should walk on the campus in groups of not less than three. The very next day, Mr. Apple in his famous song, convinced us that, "Two is company;" that third bodies are undesirable people and earnestly advised us never to intrude on a group of two. Thus we are required not only to fight against Nature but to resist the convincing power of song which has moved more savage breasts than ours.

The leaves from the past which our historian has not read and which the growler has not the courage to return are black with the record of outrage heaped upon injury, imposition upon imposition. Our lives instead of being "tales of poetry told by the golden hours," have been tales of woe recorded in tears. * * * But somehow, old Normal, with all thy faults, we love thee still.

The program closed with the singing of the Class Song, to the tune of "There is a tavern in our town." The song was written by Miss Mary Graham of the class, was well suited to the occasion. At the close of the song the class marched slowly out of the hall and the audience broke up with murmurs of approval on every hand.

Commencement Dinner.

The Normal Dining Room was in its holiday attire at noon, July 4th., when the hungry residents and visitors entered for the mid-day meal. Down the center of the room extended a long table, set with seventy-one covers, decorated with violet and white, and ornamented at frequent intervals by a big, fat, well roasted turkey. Here the members of the graduating class seated themselves for their last Normal dinner.

The trustees were entertained at Dr. Waller's and Miss Leonard's tables and the faculty were the guests of Miss Mansfield. Along the north side of the room tables surmounted by red,

white and blue, and green and white testified to the presence of the classes of '93 and '94 respectively; while pink and gray, gold and white, and purple and gold, draped in profusion on the south wall and adjacent pillars, proclaimed that '85, '92, and '91 were there in force. From the moment dinner began the room was filled with a continuous din of cheer and counter-cheer. Class answered class with renewed vigor until one could not hear the words of his nearest neighbor. Jest and joke and banter followed each other so closely that it seemed all had forgotten the purpose of their being there. But they hadn't, for the good things placed before them disappeared almost as soon as their (the good things') presence was discovered. Representatives of nearly all the classes since the first were there, and cheers were heard from all since '85. The occasion was a jolly one indeed. It seemed more like a yelling contest of rival collegians than a commencement dinner at a normal school. But the enthusiasm was all of a very wholesome kind, teeming not only with excessive class spirit, but with a love for Alma Mater as well. More than an hour was consumed in disposing of the viands so abundantly provided. Then the classes, one by one, vacated their tables—'95 holding forth to the last and finishing the feast with the singing of their class song:

There is a Normal in this town, in this town,
And there we Seniors sat us down sat us down,
"To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield,"
And fit us for the battle field.

CHORUS.

Fare thee well for we must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
But remember that the best of friends must part,
Must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
We can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
We have shown you here our beauty, pride, and wit,
And now farewell, for we must flit,
Our brows are wrinkled with our woe, with our woe
To discipline—each one must know, each one must know,
And each must teach about the froggie gay,
And paint an egg for Easter Day.
But now our work is surely done, surely done,
And all our laurels have been won, have been won,
And now 'tis time to sing, and laugh, and play,
And chase the wrinkles all away.

Class '85's Reunion.

The members of the class of '85 sent their advance guard the week before Commencement and by Tuesday evening the following persons were talking over by-gone days:

Misses Cochran, Elliott, Davis, Fair, Given, Graham, McCall, McFadden, McElhane, Marshall, Moon, Oliver, Turner, Vanard, Mrs. McCracken, Mrs. Shouse, Mrs. Copeland, Messrs. Hutton, Robb, Warnock, and Gordon.

While the entire week was a most joyous occasion, perhaps the most enjoyable time was experienced on Wednesday evening when the jolly party all boarded a tally-ho drawn by four white horses and started for a drive, making the welkin ring with class yell, laughter and song.

After returning from the drive the home of Miss Jo St. Clair became the center of attraction, and while most delicious refreshments were being served the class roll was called, at which time the absent ones were accounted for and those present gave their experiences and "future prospects." Letters were read from Rev. J. M. Wilson, of Iowa and Rev. F. D. Muse, of Indiana.

So delightful was the occasion that it was voted to hold the next reunion in nineteen hundred.

Commencement Oration.

A finer day for Commencement could not have been chosen than July 4. The sky was clear, the air cool and balmy, and the Normal, in her environment of trees and flowers, most inviting. The chapel was comfortably filled some time before the hour for the beginning of the exercises arrived. At 10 o'clock the trustees and faculty of the school filed slowly down the aisle and occupied seats on the stage; they were followed by the graduates who filled the seats immediately in front of the platform on either side of the aisle.

After the invocation by Rev. M. M. Sweeny, Ph. D., a chorus in the gallery sang "Sir Knight and Whittus Away?" by Macirone.

Dr. Waller then introduced Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, of New York, the orator of the day, who addressed the audience on the subject of "Education as a Liberator." Mr. Mabie's delivery was pleasing and vigorous, and without the least effort,

apparently, he made himself heard in every part of the room. The oration was a deep and scholarly plea for practical education, and the unwavering attention of the audience was sufficient evidence that it was appreciated.

To attempt a condensation or an abbreviation of the speech for our limited space, could not but be an injustice; for it was filled so full of compact truth as to allow of no condensation. We must therefore deprive our readers of the inspiration of his words. We give only his text, which he took from Michael Angelo—"Confide in Yourself." His illustrations were vivid, his statements convincing; and perhaps the most beautiful thought of his discourse was the declaration that there is only one real, lasting thing in the world—the human soul. The looks of newly awakened ambition on the faces of his hearers, as he closed showed that the speaker's words had not been uttered in vain; and the sentiment expressed by one of the trustees, that, "it was a pity a man who wielded such an influence should have to die," voiced the feeling of those present.

Mrs. Devinney and Prof. Apple delighted the audience by their vocal duet "Moonlight on the Rhine" by Newland.

When Dr. Waller announced that the degrees were to be conferred, the Seniors arose and to the time of a slow march stepped upon the stage and took their position in three lines along its edge. They formed a pretty picture as they stood thus—the young ladies in their pretty graduating gowns—the young gentlemen in their faultless black and spotless linen; and everyone agreed that it was an unusually handsome, as well as intelligent, looking class. In a brief speech of commendation and encouragement the principal conferred the respective degrees, when the class again resumed their seats.

A chorus "The Spider and the Fly" closed the program, and the student life of the class of '95 was ended.

The graduates in the various courses were as follows:

MUSIC.
Esther Drenning.....Homer City, Pa.

SCIENTIFIC
Edna Gertrude Cunningham.....Indiana, Pa.
Kath Moulton Tiffany.....Indiana, "

COMMERCIAL.
Ladies.

Luella Lytle.....Monongahela, Pa.
Edna Lytle.....Monongahela, "
Johanna Cronmeyer.....Demmeler, "
Marie Grose.....Indiana, "

Gentlemen.
Armour Anthony.....Indiana, Pa.
Ira Grannis.....Indiana, "
George W. Williams.....Nicktown, "

ELEMENTARY.
Ladies.

Ruth Adair.....Indiana, Pa.
Alice Gertrude Anderson.....Venice, "
Edith Andriessen.....Beaver, "
Louie Edith Anthony.....Indiana, "
Nau Elder Barnett.....Hillside, "
Rose Barry.....Pittsburg, "
Laura Bash.....Indiana, "
Pauline Bing.....Allegheny City, "
Pauline Block.....Allegheny City, "
Helen Josephine Crawford.....Pigeon, "
Keturah Elizabeth Campbell.....Indiana, "
Sarah Louise Campney.....Sewickley, "
Elizabeth Carothers.....West Newton, "
Alice Jeannette Crawford.....Pigeon, "
Keturah Elizabeth Campbell.....Indiana, "
Nannie Flora Kuwer.....Jeanette, "
Lottie Gertrude Fleisher.....Newport, "
Sunshine Grace Foulke.....New Castle, "
Clara Elizabeth Friesel.....Pittsburg, "
Twee Garman.....Indiana, "
Ada Carson Gibson.....Bellevue, "
Sarah Elizabeth Gollmar.....Allegheny City, "
Mary Mabon Graham.....Indiana, "
Martha Frances Hancock.....West Lebanon, "
Mary Richardson Hopkins.....Swissvale, "
Laura Estella Johnston.....Mount Pleasant, "
Fannie Joyce Shupe.....Worth, "
Marry Anne Klingensmith.....Dime, "
Vivian Knappenberger.....Greensburg, "
Mary Ramsey Knox.....Allegheny, "
Margaret Evelyn Lowe.....Mount Pleasant, "
Emma Jane Ludwick.....Manor, "
Edna May McCallister.....Allegheny City, "
Susanna McDonald.....Ross, "
Minnie Florence McFarland.....Pittsburg, "
Mary Viola Meurer.....Duncansville, "
Mary Lizzie Metzgar.....Oakland X Roads, "
Ruth Luriza Montgomery.....Waynesburg, "
Ida Mutzig.....Wilkesburg, "
Eugene Jeannette Nolan.....Washington, "
Mary Edna Nolin.....Broughton, "
Nancy Hunter Nolin.....Broughton, "
Bertha May O'Connor.....Cannon, "
Rose May Patterson.....Williamsburg, "
Emma Clara Paroe.....Allegheny City, "
Elizabeth Pearsall.....Jeannette, "
Bernice Pidgeon.....Houtonsdale, "
Maude Evelyn Rankin.....Brookwayville, "
Agnes May Robbins.....Robbin's station, "
Jessie Granger Russe.....M'Keessport, "
Emily Juanita Shields.....Pittsburg, "
Abbie Finch Shupe.....Salisbury, "
Alberta C. Spencer.....Manorville, "
Grace Louise Taylor.....Rochester, "
Margaret Morton Thompson.....Chartiers, "
Kue Celta Thomsen.....Indiana, "
Emma Johnson Tiffany.....Indiana, "
Mary Elizabeth Trout.....Altouna, "
Adella Lall Ventress.....Swissvale, "
Leona Frederica Watson.....Shafter, "
Flora Ince Weaver.....Grant, "
Martha Eleanor Wilson.....Bradock, "
Blanche Olive Young.....Bellevue, "

Gentlemen.
Franklin Pierce Barnhart.....Johnstown, Pa.
John Schwan Carson.....Indiana, "
I. Wilson Keener.....Indiana, "
James Herbert Kuehn.....Indiana, "
James Ferguson Scott.....Ursina, "
Clifton T. Settlemyer.....Wilmore, "
Thomas St. Clair.....Homer City, "
Howard M. Welsh.....Markle, "

The Alumni Meeting.

The many members of the Alumni who spent Commencement week with us looked forward to Thursday evening as the time when one of the pleasant meetings of the week would be enjoyed. Nor were they disappointed. At half past seven the members

grouped in classes, entered the chapel and the meeting was formally opened by the President, J. Irwin Robb, '85. As the secretary, Miss Duff, was unable to be present, Miss Eva U. Varnard, '85, was appointed secretary *pro tem*.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The first business was to elect the class of '95 members of the Association. This pleasant duty was at once performed and Mr. M. C. Gordon and Miss Rosina B. Weaver were appointed to escort the class into the room.

The largest class ever graduated from the school was soon conducted into the room and presented to the President.

Mr. Robb extended to the class a kindly welcome which was replied to by Miss Knappenberger.

The following committees were then appointed:

Nominations.—Mr. A. C. Gordon, Miss Loretta Dickie and Miss Jennie Turner.

Refreshments.—Mr. A. F. Carter, Miss Alice J. Crawford and Miss Hope Stewart.

Executive.—Mr. M. C. Gordon, Miss Sarah M. Gallagher and Miss Sara Birkman.

The last two committees will act next year.

The chairman of the nomination committee soon reported and the election of officers for the next year at once took place.

The following were elected:

President.—Hon. J. B. Hammond, '87.

Vice President.—J. P. Wiley, '88.

Secretary.—Miss Florence Ludwick, '93.

Treasurer.—Mr. A. F. Carter, '92.

The treasurer's report was then received.

Informal addresses were next in order.

Dr. Waller was called for and spoke of the pleasure it gave the school to welcome back her former students. He also explained some of the plans for the future and closed by expressing the wish that the Alumni should always keep up a close connection with their Alma Mater.

Dr. Schmucker followed, speaking in his own bright way of the changes that have taken place in the school during his connection with it and expressing his regret at leaving.

The Trustees were represented by Mr. Thomas Sutton.

Mr. J. B. Hammond, '87 followed. Mr. Hammond protested against being represented in the catalogue as a

minister and wished it to be understood that, as a member of the Legislature, he is a maker of civil and not a proclaimer of divine laws.

Mr. A. C. Gordon, '89 and Mr. G. J. Feit, '90 made brief addresses. The Association then adjourned to the parlor. Here they were joined by a number of friends. All were received by a committee consisting of the President and Secretary, Dr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. A. M. Lee and Miss Kathryn G. Foulke.

After spending a short time renewing old friendships and establishing new ones, the company adjourned to the first floor where refreshments were served.

After this the pleasant social intercourse was renewed and not until a late hour did the happy company disperse.

All of the classes expressed the wish to have another reunion at no distant date.

New Scientific Circle.

For some time past certain members of the Alumni have had under consideration the question of starting a "Scientific Circle."

On the morning of July 4 a meeting was called in the Laboratory; and, after the matter was well discussed, it was decided to effect an organization. Mr. J. C. Reed Johnston, '93, was elected President, and Albert F. Carter, '92, Secretary.

The primary object of the association is to cause each member to be a closer observer of nature and to develop along such lines as will enable him to teach Natural Science to greater advantage in the common schools. During the first year there will be no specific plan of work laid down for the individual members, excepting that each one is to follow out some special line and make written reports, accompanied wherever practicable by drawings or illustrations. They will also correspond and meet with any other members as often as convenient to compare notes, etc.

All drawings and reports of especial interest or usefulness will be preserved at the Normal School, also all books or specimens donated by members or friends.

In consideration of the fact that all the members present started their systematic study of science under Dr. Schmucker, it was proposed to call the society the "Schmucker Scientific Circle," which was agreed upon unanimously.

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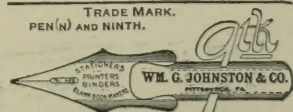
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